Mer. If loue be blind, loue cannot hit the marke,
Now will he ſit vnder a Medler tree,
And wiſh his miſtreſſe were that kind of fruit,
As maides call Medleſs when they laugh alone,
O *Romeo* that ſhee were, O that ſhee were
Anopen & catera, and thou a Poperin Peare.
Romeo good-night Ile to my Truckle-bed,
This Field-bed is to cold for me to ſleepe,
Come ſhall we goe?

Ben. Goe then, for tis in vaine to ſeeke him here
That meanes not to be found. *Exeunt.*

Ro. He ieaſts at ſcarres that neuer felt a wound,
But ſoft, what light through yonder window breakes?
It is the Eaſt, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne.
Ariſe faire Sunne and kill the enuious Moone,
Who is already ſicke and pale with griefe,
That thou her maide at farre more faire then ſhee:
Be not her maide ſince ſhee is enuious,
Her veſtall liuerie is but ſicke and greene,
And none but fooles doe weare it, caſt it off:
It is my Lady, O it is my loue, O that ſhee knew ſhee were,
Shee ſpeakes yet ſhee ſayes nothing, what of that?
Her eye diſcourſes, I will anſwere it:
I am to bold tis not to me ſhee ſpeakes:
Two of the faireſt ſtarres in all the heauen,
Hauing ſome buſines, doe entreat her eyes,
To twinckle in their ſpheres till they returne,
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightneſſe of her cheeke would ſhame thoſe ſtarres,
As day-light doth a lampe, her eye in heauen,
Would through the ayrie region ſtreame ſo bright,
That birds would ſing, and thinke it were not night:
See how ſhee leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.
O that I were a gloue vpon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.

Iuli. Ay me

Rom. Shee ſpeakes.

Oh ſpeake againe bright Angell, for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged Meſſenger of Heauen
Vnto the white vp-turned wondring eyes,
Of Mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he beſtrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,
And ſayles vpon the boſome of the Ayre.

Iuli. O *Romeo, Romeo,* wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Denie thy father and refuſe thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but ſworne my Loue,
And ile no longer be a *Capulet.*

Rom. Shall I heare more, or ſhall I ſpeake at this?

Iuli. Tis but thy name that is my Enemie:
Thou art thy ſelfe, though not a *Mountague,*
What's *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme nor face, O be ſome other name
Belonging to a man.
What's in a name? that which we call a Roſe,
By any other word would ſmell as ſweet,
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cald,
Retayne that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that title, *Romeo* doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my ſelfe.

Ro. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptizde,
Hence-forth I neuer will be *Romeo.*

Iuli. What man art thou, that thus beſcreend in nigh
So ſtumbleſt on my counſell?

Ro. By a name, I know not how to tell thee who I am
My name deare Saint is hatefull to my ſelfe,
Becauſe it is an Enemy to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.

Iuli. My eares haue yet not drunke a hundred word
Of thy tongues vttering, yet I know the ſound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*?

Rom. Neither faire Maide, if either thee diſlike.